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III.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

PART I.

As part of an appalling task, the translation of the entire Greek Anthology into Italian verse—‘quell’eterno mio lavoro’ he calls it ‘cui non so se condurrò mai a fine’—Professor Alessandro Veniero of Catania, the Aitna of Pindar, the coquettish city of Bellini, has undertaken to do for Paulus Silentiarius what others have done and more than others have done for other anthologists. Meleager, Krinagoras and Palladas have called forth noteworthy monographs. Why should not the author of epigrams ‘remarkable for their wit, their grace, their elegance’, a poet who rose far above the level of his contemporaries, happy rival of Alexandrian masters, singer of the great church of St. Sophia and its Pulpit, why should not Paulus have a volume dedicated to him, a volume which should serve to vindicate the favourable judgment of Jacobs and Bernhardt and Croiset? Professor Veniero’s book with its introduction, its translations, its notes has interested me and, as is my inveterate habit (A. J. P. XXXIV 240), I have made a summary of it for my own amusement. Much, indeed by far the greatest part, of this kind of work has been consigned to the columbarium that holds most of my writings, but I am going to make an exception in favour, if it is in favour, of Professor Veniero’s Paolo Silenziario—Studio della letteratura bizantina del VI secolo, and call in others to accompany me on my winding way through the book.

Doubtless Professor Veniero will be shocked at the liberties I have taken with my text, at my frivolities, my intercalated reflexions, my style, that style which gave so much offence to such superior persons as the late Arthur Woolgar Verrall (A. J. P. XXVI 115). But criticism and anticriticism alike matter little to a man who in the course of nature is ripening for the ἐπιτύμβια section of the Anthology. No one who has cheerfully survived being called by a German well-wisher the Mark Twain of Greek syntax and by an Irish ill-wisher, the fabricator of a Pindaric ‘nostrum’, has anything more to

dread. But whatever Professor Veniero may think of form or content of these pages, he may congratulate himself on finding a summarist who makes due allowance for the astounding plenitude of typographical errors. The best Italian compositors, as I have learned from other sources, have exchanged the 'shooting-sticks' of their own trade for the 'shooting-irons' of another on the banks of the Isonzo.

This is not a 'review by a specialist' for I have no special equipment for the study of Paulus. Sixty-two years ago in my first published review article I made an erudite reference to the poet who 'hymned the Pulpit', but at that date I had not read a line of Paulus, and now after the lapse of all these years I am simply going to deepen my slight impressions of the Byzantine epigrammatist as gained from holiday excursions in the Anthology. With Professor Veniero's essay on Paulus' Description of the Church of St. Sophia and the Pulpit, I shall not meddle. Twenty years ago I stood under the dome of the great Djami and thought of Paulus among other things and wondered whether it was true that the musk with which the mortar was tempered retained its virtue as it was fabled to do. But the scowling Moslems would not have suffered me to try, and I must limit myself to the question how far the delicate fragrance of Alexandria has held its own against the heavier perfume of Byzantium.

Professor Veniero's first chapter deals with the Life of Paulus. Paulus the Silentiary was the son of Cyrus, the grandson of Florus. The name Cyrus gives us pause. It has a religious significance, and old-fashioned Presbyterians who would not have dreamed of calling their children by the name of Messiah, and were shocked at the profane use of Jesus by the Spaniards, did not hesitate to give their boys the name of the Lord's anointed Cyrus in baptism. Perhaps some Byzantine scholar will throw light upon the point.¹ Florus is decidedly pagan, and it might be possible to moralize the two names. Paulus was born towards the close of the fifth century and lived to what, in spite of Metchnikoff, we must still call a good old age,

¹ Among the Christian epigrams there is one addressed to a certain Cyrus, a martyr: *Κύρῳ ἀκεστορίῃς παννύπερτα μέτρα λαχόντι*, A. P. I 90.

dying in 575 A. D.—I am careful to add A. D. mindful of the weakness of other Italian scholars (A. J. P. XXIII 446; cf. XXXII 240) and of Johnson's Cyclopaedia s. v. Lucian where B. C. stands instead of A. D. Paulus belonged to a rich and aristocratic family and Stadtmüller thinks that his daughter who bore the frightful and ominous name Aniketeia married Agathias who also figures in the Anthology. If I were like Otto who in his edition of the Epistle to Diognetus (A. J. P. XXXI 366) treats us to a long list of Diogneti from whom his Diognetus is to be distinguished, I might caution the reader against confounding Paulus Silentiarius with Paul of Tarsus, no tinkling cymbal like his Byzantine namesake. But this Paulus is hardly ever cited without his addition. But what that addition means puzzles the best will of the archaeologist. The variety and futility of Byzantine functionaries have been touched on in my Essay on the Emperor Julian, in which, if I had been a really learned man, I might have paraded a formidable array of titles gathered from one Nicephorus, not to be confounded with half a dozen other Nicephori. The only thing real about most of these offices was the pay, if even that was real. The office of Silentiarius is sometimes identified with that of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, sometimes with that of Master of Ceremonies. The Master of Ceremonies was naturally the man who commanded silence on state occasions as did the herald of classical times with his *εὐφημεῖν* *χρή*. On this theory the silentiary was a manner of head-usher, and this very word 'usher' (*ostiarus*) reminds me of a noted jurist, who misled by that cheating jade Popular Etymology (A. J. P. XXXVII 368) insisted, despite protest, on identifying 'usher' with a cockney 'husher', a fair translation of Silentiarius. Paul Husher has, indeed, the signal advantages of brevity and idiomatic force over Paulus Silentiarius, but the mouth-filling name has stood Paulus in good stead during the centuries.

The next chapter deals with the age of Justinian in its relation to literature. Instead of sowing the lower margin of the book with references our author contents himself with a general bibliography. The list comprises Bernhardt, Bergk ('*assai povera*'), Christ, Krumbacher, Gibbon, Victor Schulze, Raffaele Mariano, Diehl, Boissier, Nicola Turchi, and Bikélas. In the

presence of such a display of authorities it behooves me to walk softly in the tracks of Professor Veniero.¹

In assigning limits to the period he undertakes to discuss, Professor Veniero follows Krumbacher, and his outline extends from the overlordship of Constantine (324) to the death of Heraclius (641) <both A. D.>. The Greco-Byzantine Empire, he says, continues the Roman Empire, but is pervaded by a new element, Christianity, and combines the wisdom of the Roman constitution with the luxury of the Orient. Justinian is the natural successor of Augustus. Constantinople is Rome by the sea. There is a new development of art based on Greek literature from Homer to Kallimachos and as Roman literature though based on Greek literature is a literature by itself (comp. Leo, A. J. P. XXV 480) so it may well be maintained that Byzantine literature, though an imitation of the Greek, is a literature apart. Byzantine literature is characterized by the contrast between the old form and the new principle, between the vision of the greatness of Rome and the actual reign of Christ. The definitive triumph of Christianity over paganism is signified by the Church of St. Sophia in which the genius of Rome and the genius of Christianity are blended.

The Fathers of the Church did not hesitate to acknowledge their indebtedness to pagan literature. With St. Jerome they cut off the head of the heathen Goliath with his own sword. With St. Augustin they rejoiced in spoiling the pagans as the children of Israel spoiled the Egyptians. St. Basil wrote a famous treatise, perhaps oftener reprinted in modern times than almost any single patristic discourse, on the use that Christian youths are to make of Gentile literature. He was as much enamoured of Plato as was his contemporary Julian, and his obligations to Plato have been set forth in a Johns Hopkins dissertation by Dr. Shear. The old rhetoric held its own, as we all know from Walz, to whose collection I owe my acquaintance with a Christian writer who bore the remarkable surname of Rhakendytes. The figures of the Greek Pantheon kept up a literary life as they still do even among us. The Greek Kallone became a handmaiden to serve the Christ. The bust of the

¹ Professor Veniero does not cite—how could he?—Professor Vance's 'Byzantinische Culturgeschichte' based on the study of Chrysostom, an interesting document (A. J. P. XXXII 118).

Redeemer was draped with the philosopher's robe. The monster that threatened to devour Andromeda became the fish that swallowed Jonah. The chariot of Pluto that took Persephone to Hades was made over by the Christian wainwright into the chariot that conveys Elijah to heaven. The surnames of Aphrodite, that arch she-devil of Heine, were hypostasized into the she-saints of the Bollandists as Usener has shewn and the Passion of Our Saviour was set forth in a cento of Euripidean verses—a cento fathered on Gregory of Nazianzus—which adheres to the origin so closely that it has been used to correct the Euripidean text. Then it must be remembered that paganism, not literary paganism only, but the genuine article was not dead. The worship of Isis remained undisturbed in Egypt. Indeed I have known Isis to be used in America as a girl's name and of late years a like honour has been paid to Ishtar. The ancient rites were still observed. There were many half-baked Christians who sorely needed the fires of persecution to make them vessels of honour. The ancient faith had its martyrs. Statues of gods and goddesses abounded in Constantinople, and an image of Venus had the remarkable property of testing the chastity of those who appeared before it, and putting to shame the guilty by the exposure of that wherewith they had sinned. And as for literature, the language, the imagery continued to be the language and imagery of what we still call by eminence, classic times. No wonder that this state of things is reflected in the most characteristic form of pagan poetry, the epigram; so that we reach a natural point of transition to Professor Veniero's third and most important chapter.

This third chapter deals ostensibly with the Epigrams and the Epigrammatists of the Sixth Century, but Veniero takes in the whole period during which the old form was adapted to the new life. Christianity had its *ἀναθηματικά* as well as its *ἐπιτύμβια*, *ἐπιδεικτικά*, *προτρεπτικά*. The statue of St. Michael takes the place of the statue of Hercules; for, in the time of Paulus, we are far from the period of the iconoclasts, but the admission of statues into churches was still a moot point, and as a moot point it was handled in the epigram; and the destruction of the pagan temples was another theme.

Christian poetry transformed the sepulchral and the protreptic epigram, but who wants to read fifty-two epigrams on the

blessedness of giving up the ghost in church, and thus exchanging a temporary slumber for the eternal sleep? Who wants to read a long string of epigrams by Gregory the Theologian in which all manner of curses, Christian and pagan, are invoked upon the heads of grave-robbers? There are floating bits of scandal, such as we find in the epigram of Agathias (A. P. VII 572) on a secret adulterer upon whom a roof fell, burying him and his partner in guilt. Mocking epigrams there are, levelled at those in the highest places, laments over the victims of such monsters as Phocas. But the trouble is that so many of the epigrams have no root in actuality. 'Clouds without water', as St. Jude hath it, 'carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots'. They are mere rhetorical exercises. Who were Apollo and Hermes and Pan to a Byzantine Christian that he should dedicate anything to them? No more than they are to you and to me, and yet in a recent number of the JOURNAL, I proposed with a Byzantine epigram before me to dedicate the instruments of my former trade to Hermes Logios (A. J. P. XXXVII 232). Such is the persistency of the classic machinery. In those Byzantine epigrams we haven't to do with real feeling—except perhaps when the epigrammatist is worried with the refractoriness of proper names—as is shewn in the varying quantity of *Βασίλειος* which appears now as υ υ — Ϛ, now as — υ υ Ϛ.¹ To be sure, Veniero calls upon us to admire 'the mastery of the form, the ingenuity of the figures', an ingenuity which hovers between 'supersubtlety' and 'supersilliness', between Mommesen's 'verwünscht gescheidt' and his 'herzlich albern', A. J. P. XXXV 492 fn. He calls upon us to admire the novelty of the words and stirs questions as to the manufacture of compounds at this late day (A. J. P. XXXVII 237). He calls upon us to applaud the accuracy with which Paulus describes objects of everyday life, an art in which he cannot attain to Leonidas of Tarentum, and the wonderful variety of the three epigrams in which the same epigrammatist dedicates the implements of the scrivener's trade to paper deities. And yet we are told in the same breath that 'the creative vein dries up more and more, that there is at best nothing but a rhetorical amplification of old themes, elegant imitations of earlier poets, cumbrous mythologi-

¹ See A. P. VIII (Gregory the Theologian), 2, 2; 3, 1; 4, 3; 5, 2 al.

cal erudition'—not true of Paulus, Signor Veniero—'and meticulous preciosities'.

One begins to wonder after this indictment why Veniero should have persevered in his studies. But we cease to wonder when we come to the erotic elegy. We raise again the Sophoclean chant *Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν* without any Euripidean reserves. What Freud says of dreams (A. J. P. XXXII 478) is true of this dream of a shadow we call life. In the erotic epigrams of the period, we feel every now and then something more genuine than a literary aphrodisiac; and to adapt a figure of Veniero's the Byzantine poet attires himself in the cast-off clothes of his predecessors in order to express a true feeling, serenading, as it were, after a masked ball in hired frippery a sweetheart of flesh and blood.

There is one side of love, however, and that the most characteristic of the antique, the great theme of Plato's Symposium, the *Μοῦσα παιδική*, that is shunned by the Byzantine Paulus as it is denounced by the Apostle Paul. In the Byzantine *ἐρωτικά* this form of love is mentioned only to be scouted, as it is by Agathias in his Praise of Marriage, V 302, 7:

*μοίχια λέκτρα κάκιστα, καὶ ἔκτοθεν εἰσιν ἐρώτων,
ὧν μέτα παιδομανῆς κείσθω ἀλιτροσύνη.*

Agathias is a sympathetic soul and his supposed connection with Paulus adds a curious interest to his epigrams. There are 252 epigrams in the twelfth section of the Anthologia Palatina as against 309 *ἐρωτικά*. It holds some of the best work, artistically speaking, of some of the best anthologists, and Mr. Mackail has not hesitated to draw upon its stores.¹ Straton, who takes his stand on the intellectual eminence of this form of love XII 245:

*οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ
τῶν ἄλλων ζῶων τοῦτ' ἐχομεν τὸ πλεόν.*

turns his back upon the ladies of Helikon because they are mere women, and proceeds to draw up a bill of fare for travellers in this region of the Pays du Tendre; and in a number of the epigrams there are details untranslatable. But leaving out Straton,

¹ However, whereas one-fourth of the *ἐρωτικά* has passed into his Select Epigrams, only some 13 per cent of the epigrams of A. P. XII have found favor with him.

he who seeks 'raciness' in this corner of the garden will be only less disappointed than those who should be tempted by the title to read the *ἐταιρικοὶ διάλογοι* of Lucian (Essays and Studies, p. 344). They would fare as did the yokel who was taken in by the superscription of Young's Night Thoughts (A. J. P. XX 350). *ἡγρεύθην*, says the unknown author of XII 99:

*ἡγρεύθην. ἀλλ' οὐ με κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον
σύντροφον αἰσχύνῃ βλέμμα κατηνθράκισεν.*

It is a delicate subject and though this is a technical journal and not intended for the run of readers, I have been warned against further exposure of Browning's indecencies, and dare not ask whether St. Paul's limitation to what he bluntly calls *ἡ φυσικὴ χρῆσις τῆς θηλείας* has in view the abuse of *τὰ τρία τρυπήματα* (V 49; VI 17). That is a question that belongs to the underground laboratory of Gibbon's notes. Doubtless there was as much licence in Byzantium and as much hypocrisy as in our day. There are deep trenches in modern life—fitly called 'boyaux' in France,—that are now and then exposed to the light of day by the artillery of the press as happened some years ago in Berlin. The ghost of Oscar Wilde still walks the earth, not unaccompanied by shades that have figured in modern annals of literary bardashery, but let us hope that boys will continue to read about 'Pastor Corydon' and 'formosus Alexis' without taking harm just as the pure-minded Emerson and his innocent editor read to their edification the 'odes' of Martial in praise of self-help,¹ little suspecting what was meant by Martial's handy substitute for Ganymede (A. J. P. XXXIV 241).

To come back to Veniero, the condition of women was not improved by the transfer of the seat of the Empire to Byzantium. Read Agathias, V 297.² Women were not allowed to appear in public unveiled, though if the veils were such a flimsy, not to say barefaced, pretext as those that I beheld on a bankside

¹ II 43, 4: At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus (comp. VI 301, 22). Of course, there is the Schol. on Ap. Rhod. 3, 115, but Emerson did not familiarize himself with scholia as Browning did.

² V 297, 8 and 9:

*ἡμᾶς δ' οὐδὲ φάος λεύσσειν θέμις, ἀλλὰ μελᾶθροις
κριπτόμεθα ζοφεραῖς φροντίσι τηκόμεναι.*

at Scutari in 1896, not much was lost to the gaze of the curious. In church women were divided from men as they are still in many denominations even in America. The eunuch was the *duenna* then as he is now. But there was no lack of ear-tickling gossip, of intrigues, of amorous adventures, and Veniero specifies the love affairs of Theodosius with the wife of Belisarius, of the daughter of Belisarius with Anastasius.

Still, the little god of the Alexandrians had had his wings clipped. The commerce of the sexes was considered a fatal consequence of the fall, at best a necessary evil. Every reader of Sir Thomas Browne will remember how fully in sympathy he was with that view, how he refers with evident approval to the Rabbinical interpretation of the tree in the midst of the garden, how he uttered a 'melancholy *Utinam*' for a different method of maintaining the continuity of the race. To redeem matrimony, it was made a sacrament, and, as turn about is fair play, religious fervour adopted and still keeps up the language of human passion. In fact Sacred Love and Profane Love not only appear side by side as in Titian's picture, they anastomose as is set forth in Zola's *La Faute de l'abbé Mouret*, as is shown by the history of pilgrimages ancient and modern. But to Gregory of Nazianzus, profane love was a disease, a *γλυκεία νόσος*, as it was a *γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον* to Sappho. *γλυκύπικρον*, by the way, has been credited by more than one scholar to Poseidippus. It is used by Meleager also. I doubt whether it was original even with Sappho, who knew all about it. The praise of virginity early intoned is still chanted, and it is not necessary to cite the hymns of the early church, and the consentient voices of the Fathers. Of course the famous text 'It is better to marry than to burn' was invoked from time to time, and there is the supreme consolation that if all were virgins there would be no virgins. What under these circumstances is to become of the erotic epigram, with its fierce sensuality, its coy dalliance? Well, life went on as before. Paganism was not rooted out, nor was human nature turned out of doors. Vice flourished with all its refinements in the Rome of the East, as it does in our Metropolis of the West, who prides herself on giving points to Paris. Pagan rites, pagan practices were winked at. The epithets of Venus may be hypostatized as we have seen and

turned into saints, but the cestus of the goddess peeps out from under the cassock of monk and philosopher alike. But we are warned not to think that the erotic poetry of Byzantium is a mere reconstruction, a mere return to the life of an overpast age. Under the vesture of a bygone time throbs the beat of a human heart. Gone is the mild enjoyment of the Alexandrians, the tempered breathing of the Epicurean *ἡδονή*. The forbidden fruit, says Veniero, a tropical writer, bears the print of the schoolboy's teeth, though our friend Paulus as we shall see prefers the tenderness of Demo's kiss to the incisiveness of Doris. Sharp is the bite of sexual passion. 'Lust hard by hate' as the Puritan poet tells us. 'Je t'aime, ah! je t'aime', as a poet of to-day has it, 'Je voudrais te faire du mal'. For fear of being too cold the Byzantine rakes up the fire of Tophet, and then again for fear of being too hot he makes a jest of his own pornographic details. So Rufinus, who is a ruffian, puts himself in the place of Paris and makes an ordnance map of the beauties of three hetaerae (A. P. V 35. 36) reminding one of Nevizan's thirty points of female physical perfection (A. J. P. XXXIV 489) reminding one of Alkiphron (I 39), and of that other heathen, Anatole France, in his Jérôme Coignard, p. 52. A parallel to Rufinus is found, as Veniero reminds us, in Nonnus, Dionys. XV 204, XLII 355. When, however, the poet allows himself to be guided by his own heart and his own taste, he succeeds in producing something graceful and artistic *θανμαστόν τι καὶ πλήρες χάριτος*, some madrigal addressed to some lady of Theodora's court, such as the famous V 270 to which we may

Οὐτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδευεται, οὔτε σὺ πέπλων,
οὔτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.
μάργαρα σῆς χροιῆς ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει
χρυσὸς ἀπεκτῆτου σῆς τριχὸς ἀγλαίην.
'Ἰνδύῃ δ' ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἶθος αἴγλης,
ἀλλὰ τεῶν λογάδων¹ πολλὸν ἀφαιροτέρην.
χείλεα δὲ δροσέεντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη
ἥθεος ἀρμονίη, κεστὸς ἔφν Παφίης.
τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐγὼ καταδάμναμαι· ὄμμασι μούνοις
θέλγομαι, οἷς ἐλπίς μελίχως ἐνδιάει.

¹ λογάδων = eyes, but how or why? Salmasius' λοχάδων gives the image of eyes peering from an ambush, as a stone from its setting.

add further V 301, 241 and 254.¹ Such original creations, however, are rare. The inventive faculty has too little spring. It needs pressure from without. Now it is a proverb that is to be contradicted—proverbs are notoriously reversible cuffs. Now an Homeric reminiscence furnishes the suggestion, now a passage from an elegiac poet. The Byzantine poet draws from all he has read whether prose or poetry, not unlike Vergil in this, and succeeds here in reproducing the exquisite form, there in catching the sonorous phrase. An amusing contrast, says Veniero, is offered when the poet devoured by love betrays the homely reality as when Paulus, forgetful of the Ovidian ‘*Turpe senilis amor*’, reveals the fact that his head is grizzled. The epigram V 264² is one of the most noted of Paulus’s fabrication, but I cannot agree with Veniero here. The same Ovid

¹ V 301:

εἰ καὶ τηλοτέρῳ Μέρους τεδὸν ἔχνος ἐρείσεις,
πτηνὸς Ἔρως πτηνῷ κείσε μένει με φέρει·
εἰ καὶ ἐς ἀντολίην πρὸς ὁμόχροον ἵξαι Ἡώ,
πεῖρὸς ἀμετρήτοις ἔψομαι ἐν σταδίοις.
εἰ δέ τί σοι στέλλω βύθιον γέρας, Ἰλαθι, κούρη,
εἰς σέ θαλασσαίη τοῦτο φέρει Παφίη,
κάλλει νικηθεῖσα τεοῦ χροδὸς ἱμερόεντος
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ’ ἀγλαΐῃ θάρσος ἀπωσαμένη.

V 241:

‘Σφῆρό’ σοι μέλλων ἐνέπειν, παλινόρσον ἰωὴν
ἄψ ἀνασειράζω, καὶ πάλιν ἄγχι μένω·
σὴν γὰρ ἐγὼ δασπλήτα διάστασιν οἶά τε πικρὴν
νύκτα καταπτήσσω τὴν Ἀχεροντιάδα·
ἤματι γὰρ σέο φέγγος ὁμοῖον· ἀλλὰ τὸ μέν που
ἄφθογον· σὺ δέ μοι καὶ τὸ λάλημα φέρεις.
κεῖνο τὸ Σειρήνων γλυκερώτερον, ᾧ ἔπι πᾶσαι
εἰσὶν ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἐλπίδες ἐκκρεμέες.³

V 254:

Ὡμοσα μιμνᾷειν σέο τηλόθεν, ἀργέτι κούρη,
ἄχρι δυδεκάτης, ὦ πόποι, ἡριπόλης·
οὐ δ’ ἔτλην ὁ τάλας· τὸ γὰρ αὔριον ἄμμι φαάνθη
τηλοτέρῳ μήνης, ναὶ μὰ σέ, δωδεκάτης.
ἀλλὰ θεοὺς ἰκέτεူး, φίλη, μὴ ταῦτα χαράξαι
ὄρκια ποιναίης νῶτον ὑπερ σελίδος·
θελγε δὲ σαῖς χαρίτεσσιν ἐμὴν φρένα· μὴ δέ με μάστιξι,
πότνα, κατασμύξῃ καὶ σέο καὶ μακάρων.

² See p. 65.

³ Son-in-law Agathias (p. 44) is also credited with this specimen.

says: 'Quae venit exacto tempore peius amat' and what is true of the 'quae' is true of the 'qui'. As a specimen of the way in which Paulus imitates his models, Veniero¹ takes V 279, another admired piece, a resetting, or, if you choose, an amplification of 'the sober and elegant' Asklepiades V 150.² The Alexandrian poet has waited all night sustained by a solemn promise, a promise fortified by an oath that has been given him by a famous beauty, a touch that heightens his jealousy. He is no Juvenalian lover, 'impatiens morae'. He reminds one rather of Horace in like case. He waits. The night watch passes by. Midnight has gone. The girl has simply fooled him. The poet is an Epicurean of the 'nil admirari' order—*Bien fol est qui s'y fie*—and bids his servants put out the light.³ The Byzantine poet, on the other hand, plunges 'in medias res'.³ We know nothing of the promise made by the famous beauty, whose popularity recalls Maupassant's 'Boule de Suif' and may well have given grounds for jealousy. The third watch, or rather the third wick, was consumed in waiting, waiting, all in vain. Instead of putting out the light and going to bed in philosophical loneliness, he utters a prayer that his love may be extinguished like the light of the lamp and with his love his sleepless desires. Then, and not till then, does he recall the oaths of Kleophrantis and begin to moralize on her double faithlessness to men and to gods. Evidently Veniero does not believe in the sleepless desires of any man capable of such a conceit as that of the lamp in such circumstances, and I must grant that Paulus lays himself open to the suspicion of being what Straton, the unquotable, irredeemable blackguard and monstrous

¹ I am translating V.'s inexact account of the situation and not the Greek.

² 'Ωμολόγησ' ἤξειν εἰς νύκτα μοι ἡ 'πιβόητος
Νικῶ καὶ σεμνὴν ὤμοσε Θεσμοφόρον'
κούχ' ἤκει, φυλακὴ δὲ παροίχεται. ἄρ' ἐπιорκεῖν
ἤθελε; τὸν λύχνον, παῖδες, ἀποσβέσατε.

³ Διηγνέει Κλεόφραντις· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἄρχεται ἤδη
λύχνος ὑποκλάζειν ἤκα μαραινόμενος.
αἶθε δὲ καὶ κραδίης πυρὸς συναπέσβετο λύχνω,
μηδὲ μ' ὑπ' ἀγρύπνοις δηρὸν ἔκαε πόθοις.
ἂ πόσα τὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐπώμοσεν ἔσπερος ἤξειν,
ἀλλ' οὐτ' ἀνθρώπων φέιδεται, οὔτε θεῶν.

punster, would call an Astyanax—before the fact (XII 11, 4). In strained situations everyone is alive to impressions from without. Homer, as I have urged elsewhere (Creed of the Old South, pp. 9, 103), is psychologically correct and is not epically parenthetical when he mentions the washing-troughs in his description of Hektor's flight before the face of Achilles; but he does not moralize the troughs. Still, as the lamp, the lantern, is so regularly associated with love-scenes in the Anthology (e. g. V. 4, 5, 7, 165, 197, 263)—there is so much sympathy between light of wick and light of wickedness—I hesitate to join in Veniero's censure. What a difference, exclaims Veniero. The Alexandrian poet gives us a complete picture—the Byzantine a scrappy sketch. And yet, as I have said, this Kleopantis epigram is a prime favourite.

Still, continues Veniero, in spite of the lack of genuine inspiration Paulus knows how to adapt and develop, and one of these adaptations and developments is found in the epigram to which we owe the famous line 'Beauty draws us by a single hair'.¹ While then as compared with the poets of the third century B. C. Paulus falls below his models in feeling, in grace of form and happiness of phrase, he is far above his contemporaries. And if in V 270 already quoted (p. 51) and in V 260² the coloring is too high, the art, says Veniero, is exquisite and in VI 71³ under the guise of a dedicatory epigram, we have a vivid description of a revelry, that had taken place in a banquet-hall deserted. A favourite theme with the Alexandrian poets is what may be called the Ninon de l'Enclos or 'Femme de trente ans' movement—the charm that persists after the fatal acmé which Balzac fixed at thirty, and which has of late years been

¹V 230:

Χρυσηῖς εἰρύσσασα μίαν τρίχα Δωρὶς ἐθείρης,
οἷα δορικτήτους δῆσεν ἐμεῦ παλάμας·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἐκάγχασα, δεσμὰ τινάξαι
Δωρίδος ἱμερτῆς εὐμαρὲς οἴομενος·
ὥς δὲ διαρρήξαι σθένος οὐκ ἔχον, ἔστενον ἤδη,
οἷά τε χαλκείῃ σφικτὸς ἀλυκτοπέδῃ.
καὶ νῦν ὁ τρισάποτμος ἀπὸ τριχὸς ἡέρτημαι,
δεσπότης ἐνθ' ἐρύση, πυκνὰ μεθελκόμενος.

² See p. 62.

³ See p. 58.

moved from Balzac's to Karin Michaelis' 'Dangerous Age'¹ which she considers forty. Asklepiades treats the theme with severe simplicity in VII 217, Philodemus develops it, anatomizes the object of his passion in detail and commends to those who seek for what Philodemus calls *ὀργῶντας πόθους* and Veniero translates spicily 'pepati desiderii' the accomplished artist with her highly favoured personality (A. J. P. XXXIV 231). We are in the region of Philainis (A. J. P. II 126 fn.). We are in the dangerous neighborhood of the Golden Ass. One recalls Benjamin Franklin's cynical advice to his son—half-suppressed by Bigelow and Kirby Smith's recent contribution to the exegesis of Tibullus (A. J. P. XXXVII 145). Veniero's epigram is more in the line of Burns' 'John Anderson, my Jo, John' with the sexes reversed. The bonnie brow is no longer brent; but the autumn and even winter of Philinna were better than the spring of others. We are next invited to compare Rufinus on the same subject, V 62, who goes into the same anatomical detail as does Philodemus, pays tribute to Matthew Arnold's Great Goddess Lubricity and winds up with a slavish imitation of Asklepiades. Finally we have Agathias V 289 with his detailed and tedious narrative, but I must leave the verification of these judgments of Veniero's to the reader, and content myself with giving the text of 258.

Πρόκριτός ἐστι, Φίλινα, τεῇ ῥυτίς ἢ ὁπὸς ἡβης
 πάσης· ἱμεῖρω δ' ἀμφὶς ἔχειν παλάμαις
 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ σέο μῆλα καρηβαρέοντα κορύμβοις,
 ἢ μαζὸν νεαρῆς ὄρθιον¹ ἡλικίης.
 σὸν γὰρ ἔτι φθινόπωρον ὑπέρτερον εἶαρος ἄλλης,
 χεῖμα σὸν ἀλλοτρίου θερμότερον θέρεος.

Beyond the scope of this summary lies the question broached by Veniero whether we are to rest content with assuming a Roman original for any epigrams that follow closely the lines of Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid, as he believes, or whether

¹ A. J. P. XXXII 481.

¹ ὄρθιον reminds of a passage in Clemens Alexandrinus in which that ragpicker of heathen wickednesses moralizes a nipple. The nipple of the maid, he says, looks up to the lover, the nipple of the mother looks down to the babe. All one beautiful summer semester I was doomed to hear Clemens Alexandrinus drawled out hundreds of times in Heinrich Ritter's lectures on Greek Philosophy and my work on Justin forced me to consult Clement. This is about all the real good I have got out of Clement. Veniero, who is on the look-out for Roman originals, has overlooked Prop. 2, 12, 21.

we are in all cases to assume an Alexandrian source for both. Whether in a given case we have Propertius or Philitas, must remain as undecided as the orthography of Philitas himself (A. J. P. XXXVII 200, fn. 5).

PART II.

The reader has doubtless noticed that I have tugged impatiently at the leading-strings of the Italian scholar to whose book I owe this holiday pastime. The path is well beaten, the sights are not novel, and now that I have made my acknowledgments to my Catanian colleague I am going to follow my own sweet will in dealing with Paulus.¹ I am going to indicate, or at any rate intimate, what would be my selection of Pauline epigrams, if I were called upon to act as a 'ductor titubantium' in this field of intoxicating perfume—the Greek Anthology. Of course, my selection will have regard to the judgment of others for there is really no more important study than the shiftings of taste from one generation to another, these shiftings that make new translations inevitable, as in the case of Sappho. Take Pope's translation of the close of the eighth book of the Iliad acclaimed as a masterpiece in its day and long after. Read Matthew Arnold's verdict. Read Tennyson's rendering, both final, as we say. Now Paulus is not worth all the trouble that such a study would require even if I had more material at hand. Of the *ἐπιτύμβια* an especial favourite is VII 307. It has been honoured by William Cowper's version and there is yet another rhymed rendering by J. A. Pott in Mr. Grundy's *Ancient Gems*. It is sadly commonplace.²

¹In my comments on these selections I am not going to poach upon Professor Veniero's preserves. He has given parallels from other elegiac poets and discusses questions of origin and indebtedness. These marginalia are just a few of the thoughts that have come to me in the long summer months. They have the sole merit of spontaneity, a merit which would be lost by meticulous revision and correction. They are a manner of overgrown *Brief Mention*.

² Οὐνομά μοι . . . τί δὲ τοῦτο; πατρὶς δέ μοι . . . ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο;
κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμὶ γένους . . . εἰ γὰρ ἀφαιροτάτου;
ζήσας δ' ἐνδόξως ἔλιπον βίον . . . εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;
κείμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν . . . τίς τίνοι ταῦτα λέγεις;

Of the ἐπιδεικτικά the one that appeals to me most is IX 764 on the mosquito-net by reason of lifelong association with gallinipper and anopheles.¹ There is a bit of actuality about that as there is about the description of Constantinopolitan palaces, which takes me back to Seraglio Point and 1896.²

Of the προτρεπτικά X 74 has found favour in Mr. Grundy's eyes. It is a poem on Virtue. Somehow poems on Virtue from Aristotle down have never given me much pleasure. I rebelled against personifying ἀρετά in Pindar (O I, 89) and now that in these latter days ἀρετή is identified with efficiency (A. J. P. XXXV 368) and 'Kultur', I prefer X 76.³ To be sure, it is the only epigram of Paulus' that sports the articular infinitive (A. J. P. XXXIII 107) but τὸ ζῆν is a plebeian early adopted into a patrician family and τὸ ῥῖψαι has a commendable swing.

Paulus' dedicatory epigrams have found more favour with the older students of the Anthology than with Mackail and Grundy. I have already adverted to the unreality of the gods to whom some of them are dedicated. One of the ἀναθηματικά has been picked out by Mackail—Androklos' dedication of his bow to Apollo, the god of the bow. No connexion with

¹ Οὐ βριαρόν τινα θῆρα καὶ οὐ τινα πόντιον ἰχθύν,
οὐ πτερὸν ἀγρεύω πλέγμασιν ἡμετέροις
ἀλλὰ βοροὺς ἐθέλοντας. ἀλεξήτειρα δὲ τέχνη
ἀνέρα μυιάων κέντρον ἀλευόμενον
ἐκ θαλῆς ἀβρῶτα μεσημβριάοντα φυλάσσει
οὐδὲν ἀφανροτέρη τείχεος ἀστυχόν.
ἔπνου δ' ἀστυφέλικτον ἄγω χάριν ἄλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὺς
δμῶας μυιοσόβου ῥύομαι ἀτμενίης.

² IX 663:

Πόντος ὑποκλύζει χθονὸς ἔδρανα, πλωτὰ δὲ χέρσου
νῶτα θαλασσαιῶς ἄλσεσι τηλεθάει.
ὥς σοφός, ὅστις ἔμειξε βυθὸν χθονί, φύκια κήποις.
Νηιάδων προχοαῖς χεύματα Νηρείδων.

³ οὐ τὸ ζῆν χαρίεσσαν ἔχει φύσιν ἀλλὰ τὸ ῥῖψαι
φροντίδας ἐκ στέρνων τὰς πολιοκροτάφους.
πλοῦτον ἔχειν ἐθέλω τὸν ἐπάρκιον. ἡ δὲ περισσὴ
θυμὸν αἰὲ κατέδει χρυσομανῆς μελέτη.
ἔνθεν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀρεῖονα πολλάκι δῆεις
καὶ πενίην πλούτου, καὶ βίотου θάνατον.
ταῦτα σὺ γιγνώσκων κραδίης ἵθυνε κελεύθους
εἰς μίαν εἰσορῶν ἐλπίδα τὴν σοφίην.

Androklos, the founder of Ephesus, says Veniero. Why not? Despite Wernicke and Harris (A. J. P. XXXVII 220) Apollo was the brother of Artemis, and as Androklos is only another form of Androkles, I am glad that Paulus did not have the bad taste to assign to Androklos VI 57, the dedication of a lion's skin. One group of these dedicatory epigrams has been mentioned already, in which we find a similar array of so-called dedicatory poems. My own favourite of the set and not mine only is VI 71, which seems to have escaped from the Armida garden of the *ἐρωτικά*. The framework of the poem, which craves translation, tempts to the sonnet, but a sonnet would require outrageous padding, such as I have perpetrated, A. J. P. XXXIII,¹ though nothing could well be worse in that way than the perilous stuffing one finds in Merivale's rhymed version (Bohn p. 409). Blank verse does less violence to the original, and the scarcity of compounds in the rendering shews the idiomatic difference of the two languages (A. J. P. XXXVII 236).

Σοὶ τὰ λιποστεφάνων διατίλματα μυρία φύλλων,
 σοὶ τὰ νοοπλήκτου κλαστὰ κύπελλα μέθης,
 βόστρυχα σοὶ τὰ μύροις δεδευμένα, τῇδε κορὴ
 σκύλα ποθοβλήτου κείται Ἀναξαγόρα,
 σοὶ τάδε, Λαῖς, ἅπαντα· παρὰ προθύροις γὰρ ὁ δειλὸς
 τοῖσδε σὺν ἀκρήβαις πολλάκι παννυχίσας,
 οὐκ ἔπος, οὐ χαρίεσσαν ὑπόσχεσιν, οὐδὲ μελιχρῆς
 ἐλπίδος ὑβριστὴν μῦθον ἐπεσπάσατο·
 φεῦ φεῦ, γυιοτακῆς δὲ λιπὼν τάδε σύμβολα κώμων,
 μέμφεται ἀστρέπτου κάλλει θηλυτέρης.

To thee the myriad leaves of shatter'd chaplets,
 To thee the broken cups of revel-routs,
 Curls wet with perfumes lying in the dust,
 Spoils won from love-smit Anaxagoras,
 Lais, all these to thee. How oft, poor wretch,
 He with his mates lay all night by thy door;
 No word, no gracious promise, no sweet hope
 Of frolic madness ever wrung from thee.
 Alas! forspent these tokens he must leave,
 And leaving, chide his 'Belle dame sans merci'.

¹ See p. III.

² The only copy of the A. P. available for this holiday study was the pocket edition of Holtze (Carl Tauchnitz) 1865. If I have shewn any fitfulness or fretfulness in this little essay, it must be attributed to the damnable paper, which flaked off at the touch. Never have I had so

Of the 81 epigrams ascribed to Paulus, 40 are classed as *ἐρωτικά* and the various selections reflect the general opinion as to his excellence in that line. Of the ten in Mackail's Select Epigrams, six deal with Love. Of the eight in Mr. Grundy's Ancient Gems in Modern Settings, six have to do with the same distracting passion. That the same overwhelming proportion does not obtain in the Bohn-Burges volume can readily be understood if one considers that it is made up chiefly of older selections intended for schools. The best of Paulus' performances under this rubric are not for edification. In none of the selections do we find the Nessus shirt epigram (V 255),¹ as I am fain to call it, nor the invitation to untram-

exasperating an experience in dealing with a book, and I was not consoled by repeated opportunities of conjectural restoration. It was scant comfort that the edition symbolized the end of all things and gave point to the shattered wreaths of Lais' banquet.

¹ Εἶδον ἐγὼ ποθέοντας· ὑπ' ἀτλήτοιον δὲ λύσσης
 δηρὸν ἐν ἀλλήλοις χεῖλεα πηξάμενοι,
 οὐ κόρον εἶχον ἔρωτος ἀφειδέος· ἰέμενοι δέ,
 εἰ θέμις, ἀλλήλων δύμεναι ἐς κραδίην,
 ἀμφασίης ὅσον ὅσον ὑπεπρήϊνον ἀνάγκην,
 ἀλλήλων μαλακοῖς φάρεσιν ἐσάμενοι,
 καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἦν Ἀχιλῆϊ πανείκελος, οἷος ἐκείνος
 τῶν Λυκομηδείων ἔνδον ἦεν θαλάμων·²
 κούρη δ' ἄργυφές ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα
 ῥωσαμένη, Φοίβης εἶδος ἀπεπλάσατο.
 καὶ πάλιν ἡρήρεστο τὰ χεῖλεα· γνιοβόρον γὰρ
 εἶχον ἀλωφήτου λιμὸν ἐρωμανίης.
 ῥεῖά τις ἡμερίδος στελέχῃ δύο σύμπλοκα λύσει,
 στρεπτά, πολυχρονίῳ πλέγματι συμφυέα,
 ἧ κείνους φιλέοντας, ὑπ' ἀντιπόροισι τ' ἀγοστοῖς
 ὑγρὰ περιπλέγδην ἄψαα δησαμένους.
 τρίς μάκαρ, ὅς τοιοῖσι, φίλῃ, δεσμοῖσιν ἐλίχθη,
 τρίς μάκαρ· ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς ἄνδιχα καϊόμεθα.

² This is the only poem of Paulus's that has a real glow, but the glow comes from vision not from action. Everyone will be reminded of the famous passage of Lucretius IV 1090-1101 which Veniero considers to be the original. Among my other debts to Paulus is the re-reading of Montaigne's delightful 'Sur quelques vers de Virgile', next to the longest of the Essais. Lucretius' 'penetrare et abire in corpus corpore toto' never fails to bring up to mind Canto XXV of the Inferno, which might well serve as an emblem of certain phases of marriage, mad lust and frantic divorce. The lesson was not intended by Dante, but is none the less impressive.

melled sport (V 252).¹ 'Le bon motif' does not appear in any of the Pauline poems, and the only poem that can be tortured into the acceptance of that canalization of love, called marriage, is V 221, which Mr. Rouse has translated and which is headed with due regard to Mrs. Grundy 'United'. V 221 is preceded by V 219 which has for its theme 'Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant';² but in V 221 the poet gets tired of the 'Heimliche Liebe von der Niemand nichts weiss' and is supposed to be ready for the supreme sacrifice of matrimony with a view to the 'luxuriant indulgence' which Burns commends unreservedly and which Bernard Shaw condemns unsparingly.³

To begin with the beginning of Love's Litany, Paulus (V 217) leads off with Danae and the well-worn figure of her accessibility to gold—'Inclusam Danaen'—and the rest of it, Hor. C. 3, 16:

Χρύσεος ἀψαύστοιο διέτμαγεν ἄμμα κορελάς
 Ζεύς, διαδὺς Δανάας χαλκελάτους θαλάμους.
 φαμί λέγειν τὸν μῦθον ἐγὼ τάδε· 'Χάλκεα νικᾷ
 τείχεα καὶ δεσμούς χρυσὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ.'
 χρυσὸς ὄλους ῥυτῆρας, ὅλας κληῖδας ἐλέγχει,
 χρυσὸς ἐπιγνάμπτει τὰς σοβαροβλεφάρους·
 καὶ Δανάας ἐλύγωσεν ὅδε φρένα. μή τις ἐραστῆς
 λισσέσθω Παφίαν, ἀργύριον παρέχων.

χαλκελάτους θαλάμους is a variant of the Sophoklean χαλκοδέτοις αὐλαῖς. Shorey says that the cynical interpretation of this myth seems to have been a commonplace and cites this passage among others. The anthologists never tire of it. It is needless to increase the number of references. I fancy that

¹ See p. 68.

² Κλέψωμεν, 'Ροδόπη, τὰ φιλήματα, τήν τ' ἐρατεινὴν
 καὶ περιδῆριτον Κύπριδος ἐργασίην.
 ἥδ' ὃν λαθεῖν, φυλάκων τε παναγρέα κανθὸν ἀλύξαι·
 φώρια δ' ἀμφαδίων λέκτρα μελιχρότερα.

³ Μέχρι τίνος φλογέσσαν ὑποκλέπτοντες ὀπωπὴν
 φώριον ἀλλήλων βλέμμα τιτυσκόμεθα;
 λεκτέον ἀμφαδίην μελεδήματα· κῆν τις ἐρύξῃ
 μαλθακὰ λυσιπόνον πλέγματα συζυγίης,
 φάρμακον ἀμφοτέροις ξίφος ἔσσεται· ἥδιον ἡμῖν
 ξυρὸν αἰεὶ μεθέπειν ἢ βίον ἢ θάνατον.

Antigone stopped her ears when the chorus intoned: ἔτλα καὶ Δανάας οὐράνιον φῶς κτε. The story was stale, the jest was doubtless stale even in Antigone's day, and there was no gleam of hope in it for her. She knew full well that Haimon was kept on short allowance by his father, Kreon, and did not possess the golden key necessary to her deliverance. Still the poets never tired of Danae. One of Euripides' plays dealt with Danae, or as Browning would say Euripides taught (ἐδίδαξεν) a Danae, and I have made the suggestion (A. J. P. I 457) that the caterwauling verse addressed by the chorus of the Wasps v. 273 to the shut-in Philokleon was a parody of Euripides. χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα tells (So. O. C. 619) the story in brief and so does 'ceinture dorée' which reminds me of Asklepiades V 158:

Ἑρμῶνῃ πιθανῇ ποτ' ἐγὼ συνέπαιζον, ἐχούσῃ
ζωνίον ἐξ ἀνθέων ποικίλον, ὦ Παφίη,
χρῦσεα γράμματ' ἔχον' διόλου δ' ἐγέγραπτο Φίλει με
καὶ μὴ λυπηθῆς, ἣν τις ἔχῃ μ' ἔτερος.

A philosophical soul was Asklepiades, as we have seen.

After the first poem 'les beaux yeux de ma cassette' disappear to be succeeded by the eyes of the lover and the beloved.

V 226:

Ὀφθαλμοί, τέο μέχρις ἀφύσσετε νέκταρ Ἑρώτων,
κάλλεος ἀκρήτου ζωροπότα θρασέες;
τῆλε διαθρέψωμεν ὅπη σθένος* ἐν δὲ γαλήνῃ
νηφάλια σπείσω Κύπριδι Μειλιχίῃ.
εἰ δ' ἄρα πον καὶ κείθι κατὰσχετος ἔσσομαι οἷστρω,
γίνεσθε κρνεροῖς δάκρυσι μυδαλέοι,
ἔνδικον ὀτλήσοντες αἰὲ πόνον* ἐξ ὑμέων γάρ,
φεῦ, πυρὸς ἐς τόσσην ἤλθομεν ἐργασίην.

There is not so much ado about eyes as in Petrarch, but there is quite enough. In the much admired V 270, we find pearly complexion, golden hair, brilliancy that outvies the jacinth, dewy lips, sweet fellow-feeling

ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη
ἥθεος¹ ἄρμονίῃ

of which the cestus of Aphrodite is made, but the charm is in the eyes.

ὄμμασι μούνοις
θέλλομαι οἷς ἐλπὶς μείλιχος ἐνδίαει.

¹ See p. 51, but in view of Paulus' appetencies (p. 66) Hecker's στήθεος is tempting.

It is the expression of the eye that counts, its fire, its tenderness, its tears. Colour does not matter as it does in modern poetry, and no synonymical difference is made between ὄμμα and ὀφθαλμός (A. J. P. XXI 475). But the sturdiest synonyms are led astray by those mischievous sprites, the dactyls—tricky like their ancestral gnomes, the Idaean Dactyls,—or else crushed by the ponderous spondees, burnt out by the spitfire iambs and upset by the tripping trochees. Such well-established synonyms as θάλασσα, πόντος, πέλαγος, ἄλς are under the domination of the verse. One examination paper that I remember called for the Homeric form of a pluperfect passive that would have postulated five short syllables. There was no such Homeric pluperfect. *ιδέσθαι* is common in Homer. Where is *ιδόμενος*? (A. J. P. XXIX 278.) You can lay your money on ὄμμα. It will come in an easy winner. There are seven forms of ὄμμα in Paulus' *ἐρωτικά* to two of ὀφθαλμός. Still it is not always safe to bet on metrical availability everywhere as has been shewn in the case of οὔτος and ὅδε (A. J. P. XXIX 375).

Many of the epigrams deal with hair, but the most elaborate is V 260, in which the poet watches the tiring of his mistress' locks and beauty draws us not with a single hair but with a whole head of it. If her hair is confined by a coif, he is melted in love as he beholds in her a turreted Rhea. If she lets her auburn locks flow at their own sweet will, his spirit starts all a-flutter from his bosom. If she hides her curls under a silvern kerchief a flame intolerable possesses itself of his heart. A triplet of Graces encompasses the triple fashion. Each fashion starts a fire of its own. It is, as we have seen, admired by Veniero.

Κεκρύφαλοι σφίγγουσι τεὴν τρίχα; τήκομαι οἷστρον
 'Ρείης πυργοφόρου δείκελον εἰσορώων.
 ἀσκεπές ἐστι κάρηνον; ἐγὼ ξανθίσμασι χαίτης
 ἔκχυτον ἐκ στέρνων ἐξεσόβησα νόον.
 ἀργεναῖς ὀθόνησι κατ' ὅρα βόστρυχα κεύθεις;
 οὐδὲν ἐλαφροτέρη φλόξ κατέχει κραδίην.
 μορφὴν τριχθαδίην Χαρίτων τριάς ἀμφιπολεῖ·
 πᾶσα δέ μοι μορφὴ πῦρ ἴδιον προχέει.

The poem has been deemed worthy of translation. It is only worthy of a furnace thrice-heated, and I cite it simply because of a sunny memory of Professor Sylvester and his great poem 'A Spring Idyl'. One evening he was reading this

memorable performance to a company of friends, and reading it with his wonted rhythmical emphasis. Each verse of the hundreds rhymed with 'in' or 'ine', and we admired his wonderful dexterity and range of knowledge. Unfortunately one of the audience ventured to say—he little knew Professor Sylvester—that he could not see much poetry in the line 'Neat as feathery back-hair-pin'. His wrath was kindled and burned fiercely until I quoted Horace's

in comptum Lacaenae
More comam religata nodum.

(C. 2, 11, 23) as a vindication of the truly poetical character of the line. In the printed copy he expressed his gratitude to me, and I thought of him and many other things when I called *ὕψικομος* as applied to Helen a 'souvenir de Paris' (A. J. P. XXIX 122).

"If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her", says the other Paulus, and this Paulus is of the same mind. As we have seen, a single hair has been a glory to him, and he has been honoured by a reference in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, though his name is not mentioned. No love poet fails to sport with the tangles of Neaera's hair, and hair has a good eminence in the *ἐρωτικά* as it has a bad eminence in the *Μοῦσα παιδική*. The light of the eyes, the fire of the eyes, weeping eyes, tear-worn eyes—all the artillery of eyes is brought into play, but there is scant mention of colour. Yet there is no such indifference to the colour of the hair as Benedick shews when he says: 'Her hair shall be what colour please God'. All his heroines have golden hair. The blond has been the aristocratic from time immemorial, Menelaos' hair was the hair of a 'blond beast', and the steady encroachment of the dark man in the course of the ages marks the advance of democracy. Asklepiades V 210, 3 apologizes for his brunette: *εἰ δὲ μέλαινα, τί τοῦτο*; as Sappho does for herself in Ovid, Her. 15, 35.

V 266 is something out of the ordinary and has been favoured by the translators.¹ They say that he who has been bitten by a

¹ *Ἀνέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἰῶ
ῦδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν.
λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα
εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μαρίαῖς θυμὸν ἐλήϊσατο.
σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,
καὶ ποταμῶν δίνει, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόων.*

rabid hound sees in the water the image of the beast. So it seems that 'rabid love has fixed his bitter tooth in me, and has made prey (not to say 'game') of my spirit in fits of madness. It must be so for the deep sea shews thy lovely image to me, and the river with its whirling current and the goblets of them that serve the wine (οἶνοχόων, others οἶνοχόον)'. I am not bitten by the love of the epigram and I shut out the image of the mad dog by the familiar lines 'Denn es umschwebt mich überall mild Meiner geliebten zaubrisches Bild'. There is too much madness in the world at any rate and V 266 must be dismissed to keep company with the other epigram in which the fire of love is compared to the poisoned mantle sent by Medea to Jason's bride. In this poem (V 288) Paulus calls her *Κρεοντιάδα*, which Veniero simplifies by 'corinzia'. Patronymics have a charm to poets of every order from Homer down. Ovid must have sighed when he resigned that sonorous close of the pentameter for a rather scant assortment of iambs.

V 232. A fickle maiden speaks and tells how she turns from Hippomenes to Leandros, from Leandros to Xanthos and from Xanthos back to Hippomenes.¹ 'Elegantissimo epigramma' says Veniero, who cites a host of parallels, of which there is no lack in American life. But as I read, my mind went back to Bonn and I sat once more in Ernst Moritz Arndt's lecture-room and heard him repeat with unction: Ich bin ein Mädchen von Flandern, Und springe vom einen zum andern. The history of Flanders shews many changes. The change to constancy may be another.

V 234 is one of two poems that deal with the sorrows of a middle-aged man, a 'ci-devant jeune homme', an *ὠμογέρων* in

¹ Ἴππομένην φιλέουσα, νόον προσέρεισα Λεάνδρῳ·
 ἐν δὲ Λεανδρέοις χεῖλεσι πηγνυμένη,
 εἰκόνα τὴν Ξάνθοιο φέρω φρεσὶ· πλεξαμένη δὲ
 Ξάνθον, ἐς Ἴππομένην νόστιμον ἦτορ ἄγω.
 πάντα τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν ἀναίνομαι· ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλον
 αἰὲν ἀμοιβαίοις πῆχεσι δεχνυμένη,
 ἀφνειὴν Κυθήρειαν ὑπέρχομαι. εἰ δέ τις ἡμῖν
 μέμφεται, ἐν πενίῃ μιμνέτω οἰογάμῳ.

love.¹ Veniero, as has been noted, sees in this epigram a note of actuality. In one of his Odes, Horace considers himself immune at forty. At fifty he feels the stirring of what is popularly known as the youth of old age, as dangerous an age for a man as forty for a woman. Here we have an old fellow with 'lyart haffets' who has renounced Pallas for Aphrodite. The measles of love goes hard with an old boy. Think of Goethe's last love affair (A. J. P. XXIII 111). The second plaint (V 264) goes into greater detail and asks for more than a smile from the cruel fair.² The poet gives a more minute description of his faded hair, his eyes wet with tears, his eyeballs the footballs of ineffectual longing, tokens of the darts of love. Untimely wrinkles already furrow his flanks, a flabby dewlap hangs from his chin. As the flowers of love's flame wax young, in like measure do his joints wax old by reason of his carking care. Shew pity, lady, grant him favour and forthwith his flesh will take on youth again and his hair turn black once more. It is only the man, be it noted, whose hair is black. No answer is vouchsafed. The confession of his wrinkled flank was fatal. 'Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat', says Master Ovid of the chaste Penelope: and imagination supplies the mocking answer to this lovesick plea: Prenez garde, je pourrais faiblir.

¹ Ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἡδὺν ἐν ἡβῃ
οἰστροφόρου Παφίης θεσμὸν ἀπειπάμενος,
γυιοβόροις βελέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἑρώτων,
αὐχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρι, μεσαιπόλιος.
δέξο με καγχαλῶσα, σοφὴν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾷς
νῦν πλεον ἢ τὸ πάρος μῆλ' ἔφ' Ἑσπερίδων.

² Βόστρυχον ὠμογέροντα τί μέμφει, δμματὰ θ' ὕγρὰ
δάκρυσιν; ὑμετέρων παίγνια ταῦτα πόθων·
φροντίδες ἀπρήκτοιο πόθου τάδε, ταῦτα βελέμενων
σύμβολα, καὶ δολιχῆς ἔργα νυχεγρεσίης.
καὶ γάρ που λαγόνεσσι ῥυτίς παναώριος ἦδη,
καὶ λαγαρὸν δειρῇ δέρμα περικρέμαται.
ὀππόσον ἡβάσκει φλογὸς ἀνθεα, τόσσον ἐμείο
ᾄψα γηράσκει φροντίδι γυιοβόρῳ.
ἀλλὰ κατοικτίρασα δίδου χάριν· αὐτίκα γάρ μοι
χρῶς ἀναθλήσει κρατὶ μελαινομένῳ.

V 244,¹ 246,² we have what would be called in some parts of America a kissing bee. In the Parisians the elder Lytton puts the word 'bee' as an equivalent of 'company' in the mouth of a Confederate colonel—as it seemed to me not very aptly. There is, says Paulus, the long resounding kiss of Galatea, the soft kiss of Demo, the incisive kiss of Doris, but his heart responds to Demo.

εἰ δέ τις ἄλλη

τέρπεται, ἐκ Δημοῦς ἡμέας οὐκ ἐρύσει.

Somehow the loud resounding kiss does not sort very well with what we know of Galatea elsewhere, but what he says of Sappho flies in the face of our conception of the poetess. 'Soft her kisses, soft the embraces of her snowy limbs, but her heart is of adamant, ψυχὴ δ' ἐξ ἀδάμαντος'. Her love stops at the lips. Could Paulus have ever read anything of burning Sappho's? We often envy the Byzantines their richer stores but they seem to have been more familiar with Menander (V 217) than with the early lyrists. Schwartz could not have read the Anthology very carefully when he questioned whether Menander's works were known in Julian's time (A. J. P. XVII 249). Tell us, Pothos and Himeros, why has Paulus taken the name of Sappho in vain? We forgive him for playing with Theokritos' Galatea but he ought to have let Sappho sleep alone.

V 248 is an apology for the liberties taken by the poet's hands. The modern's first thought is of a situation often referred to by Paulus, for he is what La Fontaine calls an 'amoureux de têtons'. In V 258 (p. 55) there is one proof text, in V 272 (p. 71) there is another. But for that he does not apolo-

¹ Μακρὰ φιλεῖ Γαλάτεια καὶ ἔμφοφα, μαλθακὰ Δημοῦ,

Δωρὶς ὀδακτάζει. τίς πλέον ἐξερέθει;

οὔατα μὴ κρίνωσι φιλήματα· γευσάμενοι δὲ

τριχθαδίων στομάτων, ψῆφον ἐποισόμεθα.

ἐπλάγχθης, κραδίη· τὰ φιλήματα μαλθακὰ Δημοῦς

ἔγνωσ καὶ δροσερῶν ἡδὺν ἐλὶ στομάτων·

μίμν' ἐπὶ τοῖς· ἀδέκαστον ἔχει στέφος. εἰ δέ τις ἄλλη

τέρπεται, ἐκ Δημοῦς ἡμέας οὐκ ἐρύσει.

² Μαλθακὰ μὲν Σαπφοῦς τὰ φιλήματα, μαλθακὰ γυνὼν

πλέγματα χιονέων, μαλθακὰ πάντα μέλη·

ψυχὴ δ' ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἀπειθέος· ἄχρι γὰρ οἶων

ἔστιν ἔρωσ στομάτων, τᾶλλα δὲ παρθενίης.

καὶ τίς ὑποτλαίη; τάχα τις, τάχα τοῦτο ταλάσσας

δίψαν Τανταλέην τλήσεται εὐμαρέως.

gize. It is part of the game. The liberties here meant are those taken by so many antique lovers and modern wife-beaters. The Roman elegists are much given to whipping the stream of love and the remains of Menander's *Περικειρομένη* have brought this phase of love to the front of late. My own mind turns to Lucian, *Dialog. Meretr.* 8 and to my early reading of St. Augustin's *Confessions*—from which I learned that St. Monica was beaten by her husband Patricius, though St. Monica really seems to have deserved her punishment.¹

V 250 might be a modern drawing-room scene, such as we find depicted in our illustrated magazines. Sweet are the tears of Lais, *γλυκύδακρυς* is one of Meleager's adjectives—tears for fear her lover may leave her after all. Men were deceivers ever—the old song.²

The 'comédie larmoyante' of love is much better managed here than in V 275³ in which the lover takes an unhallowed

¹ Ω παλάμη πάντολμε, σὺ τὸν παγχρύσειον ἔτλης
ἀπριζ δραξαμένη βόστρυχον αὐ ἐρύσαι.
ἔτλης; οὐκ ἐμάλαξε τὸν θράσος αἰλινος αὐδῇ,
σκύλλμα κόμης, αὐχὴν μαλθακὰ κεκλιμένους,
νῦν θαμινοῖς πατάγοισι μάτην τὸ μέτωπον ἀράσσεις.
οὐκέτι γὰρ μαζοῖς σὸν θέναρ ἐμπελάσει.
μή, λίτομαι, δέσποινα, τόσῃν μὴ λάμβανε ποινήν.
μᾶλλον ἐγὼ τλαίην φάσγανον ἀσπασίως.

² Ἡδύ, φίλοι, μείδημα τὸ Λαῖδος· ἡδὺ κατ' αὐ τῶν
ἡπιοδινητῶν δάκρυ χέει βλεφάρων.
χθιζά μοι ἀπροφάσιστον ἐπέστενεν, ἐγκλιδὸν ὦμῳ
ἡμετέρῳ κεφαλὴν δηρὸν ἐρεισασμένη.
μυρομένην δ' ἐφίλησα· τὰ δ' ὡς δροσερῆς ἀπὸ πηγῆς
δάκρυα μιγνυμένων πίπτε κατὰ στομάτων.
εἶπε δ' ἀνειρομένῳ, 'Τίνος εἵνεκα δάκρυα λείβεις';
'Δείδια μὴ με λίπης· ἐστὲ γὰρ ὀρκαπάται.'

³ Δειελινῶ χαρίεσσα Μενεκρατὶς ἔκχυτος ὕπνω
κεῖτο περὶ κροτάφους πῆχυν ἐλιξαμένη.
τολμήσας δ' ἐπέβην λεχέων ὕπερ. ὥς δὲ κελεύθου
ἥμισυ κυπριδὴς ἦννον ἀσπασίως,
ἡ παῖς ἐξ ὕπνου διέγρετο, χερσὶ δὲ λευκαῖς
κράατος ἡμετέρου πᾶσαν ἐτίλλε κόμην.
μαρναμένης δὲ τὸ λοιπὸν ἀνύσσαμεν ἔργον ἔρωτος.
ἡ δ' ὑποπιμπλαμένη δάκρυσιν εἶπε τάδε·
'Σχέτλιε, νῦν μὲν ἔρεξας ὁ τοι φίλον, ὃ ἔπι πουλὺν
πολλάκι σῆς παλάμης χρυσὸν ἀπωμοσάμην.
οἰχόμενος δ' ἄλλην ὑποκόλπιον εὐθὺς ἐλίξεις.
ἐστὲ γὰρ ἀπλήστου Κύπριδος ἐργατῖναι.'

advantage of the sleep of his beloved. The situation is familiar. The order of the action reminds one of Petronius, and the tearful close recalls one of Hogarth's pictures, significantly called 'After'. It is the coarsest of Paulus' performances, but even Meleager sins at times (e. g. V 263), and betrays his Gergesene blood by consorting with the swine, as on the other hand even Straton has been admitted into the refined society of Mr. Mackail's readers.

V 252 which is an Introduction to the Dance of Love reminds me of a passage in Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue* in which he describes the nude figure that heads a Bacchanal procession as 'un monsieur dépourvu de toute décence'—and in this poem Paulus' study of the nude may seem to fall under the same reprobation—and his translator may have to bear a like charge, but whenever I ramble through the Anthology, the tickling devil of rhyme assails me, and perhaps I shall be forgiven for this specimen of the forbidden fruit:

Let us cast our robes aside
 For our play, my charming <bride>.
 Naught between us be, no space
 Interfere with our embrace;
 Any filmy lace at all
 Be to us a Chinese wall;
 Breast to breast in closest clip,
 Lip be prest to dewy lip.
 For the rest my modest Muse
 Must the open door refuse.¹

'Bride' is a tribute to morality and to that 'mad negro' as Verlaine calls 'rhyme'; 'Chinese wall' is a suggestion of Veniero's; 'dewy lip' is borrowed from V 270, but it is at any rate in 252 an *epitheton ornans*. I have never seen a rhyming translation of it in English, and there are those who will think

¹ 'Ρίψωμεν, χαρίεσσα, τὰ φάρεα· γυμνὰ δὲ γυμνοῖς
 ἐμπελάσει γυίοις γυῖα περιπλοκάδην·
 μηδὲν ἔοι τὸ μεταξύ· Σεμιράμιδος γὰρ ἔκεινο
 τεῖχος ἐμοὶ δοκέει λεπτὸν ὕφασμα σέθεν·
 στήθεα δ' ἐξεύχθω, τὰ τε χεῖλεα· τᾶλλα δὲ σιγῇ
 κρυπτόον· ἐχθαίρω τὴν ἀθυροστομίην.

that I might have been better employed.¹ Here is what Veniero makes of it:

Giu! spogliamo, o graziosa, le vesti; poi nude le membra
S'intrecceranno strette con le tue membra nude!
Nulla di mezzo resti! Ben l'alta muraglia sarebbe
Di Semiramide qui solo un leggero velo.
Ecco: petto su petto, le labbra compriman le labbra,
Zitto sul resto: ho in odio lingua che freno non ha

V 262. Alas! alas! for the honeyed speech and the glance of the lids with their secret utterance. No matter how near we stand to each other we are numbed by the gaze of a crone like unto the multiple eye of the herdsman of the daughter of Inachos. Stand and spy and fret thy soul for thou canst not stretch thy vision to the soul.² The herdsman is Argos and the daughter of Inachos—Io, as it is needless to explain. I have already commented parenthetically on Veniero's remark about the mythological learning displayed by Paulus and his like. Any schoolboy of my day, when Lemprière's dictionary was the standard would have been equal to solving all Pauline problems of that sort. The most remote allusion I have found is the reference to the 'Cretan judgment-seat' a periphrase for Minos³ V 274. In his rendering Veniero has substituted

¹ As I was hesitating whether to print this or not, my eye fell on 'Toi et Moi', a collection of poems by Paul Géraudy, which reached its ninth edition in 1916, and in these days of classical echoes, I am encouraged to cite a passage which may have been inspired by Paulus or haply the other Paulus's messenger of Satan.

Prenons-nous. Le meilleur moyen
De s'expliquer sans être dupe
C'est de s' étreindre corps à corps.
Vite! allons. Viens dans mes bras toute nue.

² φεύ φεύ, καὶ τὸ λάλημα τὸ μέλιχον ὁ φθόνος εἶργει,
βλέμμα τε λαθριδίως φθεγγομένων βλεφάρων.
ἰσταμένης δ' ἄγχιστα τεθήκαμεν ὄμμα γεραιῆς,
οἷα πολύγληνον βουκόλον Ἰναχίης.
ἴστασο, καὶ σκοπίαζε, μάτην δὲ σὸν ἦτορ ἀμύσσου'
οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψυχῆς ὄμμα τὸν τανύσεις.

³ Τὴν πρὶν ἐνεσφρήγισεν Ἐρως θρασὺς εἰκόνα μορφῆς
ἡμετέρης θερμῷ βένθει σῆς κραδίης,
φεύ φεύ, νῦν ἀδόκητος ἀπέπτυσας· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι
γραπτὸν ἔχω ψυχῇ σῆς τύπον ἀγλαΐης.
τοῦτον καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἀἰδι, βάρβαρε, δέλω,
Κρήσσαν ἐπισπέρχων εἰς σέ δικασπολίην.

'Minosse' for *Κρήσαν δικασπολίην* a proceeding against which I protested not long ago (A. J. P. XXXVII 284).

V 268. Sadly familiar is the St. Sebastian of love,¹ though not quite so familiar as the Christian saint in the picture-galleries of Europe. 'Let no one fear the shafts of desire. Eros has emptied all his quiver in me.' Very different, by the way, is the Oriental quiver in the matter of love and I never follow the example of those who are fond of calling the head of a large family Mr. Quiverful with a supposedly playful reference to Ps. 127, 4: As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man, so are the children of thy youth. 5. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. My former pupil Dr. Briggs translated it 'that hath filled his quiver with them' and I am reminded of Sirach 25, 12 where we find a more drastic expression for Ez. 16, 25. As I have a character for refinement to sustain and have moreover a wholesome dread of Herr Keil (A. J. P. XXXVII 272) I quote the LXX version: *κατέναντι παντὸς πασσάλου καθήσεται καὶ ἔναντι βέλους ἀνοίξει φαρέτραν.*

V 272. Eyes, as we have seen, dominate but lips have their turn and one is tempted to say "Take, oh take those lips away" (that by this time are outworn), but what if the *ἡθεὸς ἀρμονίη* be lacking. This is a point on which Paulus insists. There must be no divided allegiance. The lady of this poem is one of those who as Juvenal says 'concupiscunt Graece'. Horace has his fling at the literary lady who anticipates Catherine of Russia. Paulus is evidently of the same opinion with Rivarol: *Ayez du goût comme un beau fruit, Et de l'esprit comme une rose.* No half Athena, half Aphrodite for him. To adapt one of Thackeray's parodies—Take her for half and half, I would not care to see her like again. *Sei nur nichts halb*, says Goethe. It is good Epicurean doctrine, but preeminently good Stoic doctrine, and I have actually cited Calvin to my purpose,

¹ *Μηκέτι τις πτήξειε πόθου βέλους ἰοδόκην γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὄλην.
μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσιν ἔξότε γάρ μοι
λαῖε ἐπιβάς στέρνοισι πικρὸν ἔπηξε πόδα,
ἀστεμφής, ἀδόνητος ἐνέζεται, οὐδὲ μετέστη,
εἰς ἐμὲ συζυγίην κειράμενος πτερύγων.*

Persius, Introduction.¹ In V 272² and V 300³ we have a portrait of a Byzantine Kate the Curst. She is addressed as *παρθένε θυμολέαινα* in this love-ditty, but the character of her set might seem to justify Wilamowitz's contention that *παρθένος* does not mean 'virgin'—as it must mean in Theok. Id. XXVII s. f. and in many other passages in which the word *παρθένος* is used. *θυμολέαινα* set me to thinking about the etymology of *Λαῖς*. Aristippos' famous mot <Λαῖδα> ἔχω ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχομαι suggests *λαύειν and λαβεῖν and Homer's ἀσπαίροντα λάων becomes ἀσπαίροντα <λάουσα>, but it is not improbable that *Lais* was a Syrian importation—and 'lionne' would not be a bad name for her. These women of the half-world, or rather the whole world, bore significant names as we can see from Horace's list (A. J. P. XVIII 122).

Of course, I could keep up this line of comment indefinitely, but it is time to turn to other matters of graver import to a scholar than those trifles, which may seem unworthy of the grave profession which I have relinquished. A word then on the subject of composition. Another and still briefer on the subject of syntax in Paulus.

I have already adverted to the number of compounds employed by Paulus. Statistics seem to be needless in so plain a matter, but I have made a rough count for my own satisfaction. There are about 125 distichs in the remains of Simonides, genuine and spurious. Take twenty-seven of the ἐρωτικά of

¹ P. xxxii, where 'qui' should follow 'dimidium', a correction I have been yearning to make these forty odd years.

² Μαζοὺς χερσὶν ἔχω, στόματι στόμα, καὶ περὶ δειρὴν
 ἄσχετα λυσσῶν βόσκομαι ἀργυφέν,
 οὐπω δ' Ἀφρογένειαν δλην ἔλον· ἀλλ' ἔτι κάμνω,
 παρθένον ἀμφιέπων λέκτρον ἀναινομένην.
 ἦμισιν γὰρ Παφίῃ, τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἦμισιν δῶκεν Ἀθήνῃ·
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μέσσοις τήκομαι ἀμφοτέρων.

³ Ὁ θρασὺς ὑψαύχην τε καὶ ὀφρύας εἰς ἐν ἀγείρων
 κείται παρθενικῆς παλγνιον ἀδρανέος,
 ὁ πρὶν ὑπερβασιῇ δοκέων τὴν παῖδα χαλέπτειν,
 αὐτὸς ὑποδμηθεὶς ἐλπίδος ἐκτὸς ἔβη.
 καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἱκεσίοισι πεσὼν θηλύνεται οἴκτοισι·
 ἡ δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἄρσενα μῆνιν ἔχει.
 παρθένε θυμολέαινα καὶ εἰ χόλον ἐνδικον αἶθες,
 σβέσσον ἀγνηρορίην, ἐγγὺς ἰδ' ἐς Νέμεσιν.

Paulus, which hold about the same number and compare them with the first 125 distichs of the Theognidea and the excess of compounds in Paulus will prove to be considerable. That the excess over Simonides is not so great is due to the great number in the two spurious *εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα*. The Greek moderation shews itself here as it shews itself in the use of periphrastic tenses. And then we must consider the character of the compounds. Many of the compounds in Theognis and Simonides are familiar and easy combinations, which cannot be said of Paulus. 'The learned Greek—blessed in the lovely marriage of pure words'—was given to spawning in the later centuries on the German principle: Wer lang hat, lässt lang hängen, or as the Italians put it: Chi ha del panno può menar la coda. A comparison of Plato and Plutarch would be suggestive.

Of the syntax there is little to be said or that I care to say. Like modern versewrights Paulus escapes censure by his close adherence to his predecessors. The optative was practically dead in his day and we are not surprised at the potential without *ἄν* V 246, V 254 but with *ᾠν*-sounds in the neighborhood, *πλαίην φάσγανον ἄσπασίως* as happens to his betters (A. J. P. XII 387). There is a leaning to the imperative optative V 252, 2; 268, 1 and *μηκέτι* with the participle shews the inevitable trend V 228. On the articular infinitive I have remarked already.¹

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¹ Mr. Paton in his Preface to his Translation of the Greek Anthology received after this article was in type, says that 'the Byzantine Anthologists wrote in a language which they did not command, but by which they were commanded, as all who try to write ancient Greek are'. Well, the Byzantines were much more obedient to the command of the language than some of their modern rivals, and I have been struck by their appreciation of the ethos of Greek Syntax at points which have been overlooked by grammarians of high rank. They do not actually eschew the articular infinitive, but they are shy of it as we are shy of using in more elevated language an infinitive for a substantive. 'In the know', 'in the swim' are not poetical expressions. Elegiac poetry on the whole avoids the articular infinitive (A. J. P. XXXIII 107). 'Ἀδὸν τὸ βινεῖν' (V 29) is an exception that proves the point of the vulgar origin. Mr. Paton's 'fruition' is a mistranslation. The pres. inf. has to do with process, not attainment, and I cannot recall an aorist of the verb. It is a case for Osthoff's Suppletivwesen (A. J. P. XXI 474).